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A PHILOSOPHER IN HIGH LIFE.

EXEGETICAL AND EGOTISTICAL.

Being a philosopher, I have a fondness for large words.

They are equally as cheap as the small ones, and as they make a writer appear learned in the eyes of most people there is an advantage gained without any corresponding outlay.

A true philosopher always makes the greatest display he can with his amount of capital—particularly a literary philosopher.

There are philosophers in all the vocations of life, but the literary philosopher is the one I am now writing about.

This is about the only point on which all philosophers are agreed.

Dr. Johnson, who was the greatest philosopher of his age, never descended to your little trumpery words of one or two syllables when he could express the same idea with one twice as long.

The effect was that every subject he wrote upon had an air of greatness—of profundity.

Goldsmith once said to him: "Doctor, if you were to write a fable about fishes you would make the little fishes talk like whales."

Dr. Johnson, however, was a mere intellectual pigmy compared with some of our modern philosophers.

There are Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson—besides D. A. Wasson and the rest of the Hub philosophers.

Can you find anything deeper than they are?

Why, there don't appear to be any bottom to some of them.

That's what makes the ATLANTIC take so well.

It's deep—immensely so.

Omne ignotum pro magnifico. (N. B.—I got that out of the back part of "Roget's Thesaurus;" it looks "classical," and will give people an idea that I talk Greek "like a native.")

Now there's the word "*transcendental*."

I think that was about the most effective word, for one of its size, I ever knew.

There seemed a whole library of metaphysics in it

How much capital the philosophers at the Hub did make out of that!

Alas, that it should be said of fine words, "too much familiarity breeds contempt."

Worn out in the service of the Mutual Admiration Philosophers of Boston, this word has had its day in fashionable society and now finds refuge with the intellectual young lady who "pines in thought" in the pages of a dime novel!

The mind of the philosopher, bewildered by the immensity of the intellectual phenomena which surround it (that's from my forthcoming essay in the ATLANTIC) sometimes gets slightly fuddled.

This chapter is headed "Exegetical and Egotistical"—or, in other words, Explanatory and Personal.

Why a "Philosopher in High Life?"

Is the writer some oleaginous prince who seeks to obtain a literary reputation by satirizing the habits of fashionable society because, forsooth, his own tastes are moulded after the fashions of Pit Hole or Cherry Run?

Not so. Our philosopher has never "struck flint" and is totally ignorant of the fashions which obtain in those classic villages.

Among the virtues which distinguish a philosopher from ordinary mortals, patience is pre-eminent.

By some it is considered almost synonymous with philosophy itself.

It is, in fact, the keystone of the philosophic arch, wanting which the other virtues have no sustaining or resisting strength.

If the reader is a philosopher, or has any hopes of achieving that distinction, he will not become impatient at my loitering in the by-ways of philosophic speculation—picking up here and there a pebble of wisdom—instead of rushing pell-mell to the gist of my subject.

A philosopher never gets in a hurry.

He prefers the old-fashioned stage-coach, making its fifty miles a day, to the modern express train, making as many miles an hour.

The former carries him pleasantly along, the whole summer day, through scenes of rural beauty and happiness, stopping occasionally at some wayside inn and allowing him to stroll leisurely by the road.

What a fund of thought and fancy rises in his mind as he contemplates the beauty of the scenes around him!

No hurry, no confusion, but a calm and meditative quiet, disturbed only by the toot of the driver's horn, warning his straggling passengers of the time for departure.

You pronounce the philosopher an "old fogey"—some Rip Van Winkle who lives only

in the past and has no sympathy with the progressive spirit of the age.

My dear young friend, a philosopher would not draw conclusions so hastily.

In this age, steam and electricity are a necessity or else they would yet have remained undeveloped.

Nothing comes before the wants of man require it.

But because these things exist, and are a necessity to the ages, it does not follow that a philosopher need use them.

Because Diogenes chose to take up his residence in a tub, it does not prove that he thought houses superfluous to mankind in general.

It is only your philosopher who lives in tubs.

Nor does Thoreau, hibernating in his shanty in the Concord woods, and devoting his life to raising beans, proclaim that brown-stone fronts are censurable, or that lobster-salad does not please the palate.

The ways of the philosopher are inscrutable to the generality of mankind, who take but a superficial view of things, and are ignorant of the whole buckets-full of truth which the philosopher draws up from the bottom of the well.

Particularly a Philosopher in High Life.

And this brings me around again to the point of departure, where if I had followed your advice, my, vain young reader, and gone on with my subject, the world would have been the loser of just the amount of wisdom contained in these paragraphs!

Curiosity is a laudable feeling.

It has led to some of the greatest discoveries of modern science.

As a philosopher, I have often wondered that most of the discoveries were not made by women.

They have a peculiar tact for extracting a secret, and are so philanthropic that they never keep it locked up in their own bosoms but immediately impart it to their dearest friend with the strict injunction that it shall "go no further."

There are said to be two things the possession of which will make any woman happy.

One is a secret and the other a baby.

Which causes the greater pleasure I would not undertake to decide.

The latter is the more tangible of the two; but then you can't "impart it to a friend."

Did you ever know a woman to commence a novel who could restrain her curiosity as to the *dénouement* until she had read to the end?

I never did.

They have a natural antipathy to arriving

at conclusions in the usual way, and so dive into the secret at once.

If I were a novelist, instead of a philosopher, I would like to write stories for the ladies.

They have such a fine sense of poetic justice, that if you make the beautiful young man with a jet black moustache and noble forehead kill with his single arm the three masked villains who have carried away his Mary Jane to the pirate's cave where she stands with a slow match upon several tons of gunpowder prepared to blow them all to atoms if the pirate chief dare to advance one step further and who is finally rescued by her Adolphus who now that their troubles are all over asks her to become Mrs. A. which after killing the three villains on her account she couldn't very well refuse—you will be sure to become highly popular.

I am not the first philosopher who has been carried away by a woman.

I was just coming to the pith of my explanation, when happening to strike upon the topic of "those dear, confounded creatures, women," as Will Honeycomb calls them, I could not refrain from letting my quill run on a little.

We will at once "return to our sheep," as the Italians say.

(I might give it in the original Castilian; but as some of my readers might not be familiar with that fine oriental language, such a display of my lingual acquirements might be considered not exactly *maveais gout*.)

We are indebted to the poets and other visionary penny-a liners, whose thoughts are so sublimated and ethereal that they can't express them in ordinary languages, for that spurious use of words called the *figurative*.

A philosopher, therefore, whose ideas run clearly and expressively into common language, must needs guard his readers against giving his words a figurative acceptation.

When I proclaim myself to be a Philosopher in High Life, I wish it to be distinctly understood that I mean neither a shoddy nor a Petroleum philosopher, but *literally* a Philosopher in High Life.

Perhaps if I should say an "Attic Philosopher," I would be less likely to be misunderstood.

There is something in a sense of elevation—of being high (literally)—which expands the faculties, enlarges the mind, clears the perception, and wipes the glasses of the Philosopher, so that the most knotty and opaque metaphysical boulders are to him clear as crystal.

Looking down upon this mundane sphere, peopled with its myriad of human beings, jostling and crowding and stepping upon each other's corns in their endeavors to gain some slight advantage over their fellows, the Philosopher in High Life—exempt from the passions and caprices of those unfortunate people who have, or think they have, a "mission" to perform—calmly ponders on this vast scheme of humanity, and reduces it, in his own mind, to its simplest elements.

These are—

But as the intellectual pabulum which a philosopher sits before his guests like pork and beans, should be eaten with moderation, the reader can choose his *dessert* from some of the lighter viands contained in these columns, light his pipe, place his heels upon the mantle (this is addressed exclusively to my masculine readers), and digest at his leisure the wisdom of

A PHILOSOPHER IN HIGH LIFE.

(For the Saturday Press.)

JOSH BILLINGS ON WATERFALLS.

I rather like waterfalls.

I kant tell *why*, enny more than I kan tell why I love kaster-ile—but kaster-ile is good for a lazyness in the system.

I don't like lazyness ov no sort—not even in muskeeters.

I want my muskeeters lively.

But aul this iz foreign tew mi purposs.

I like waterfalls—they are so easy and natural.

They attack all the sex.

Some they attack with grate fury, while others they approach more like a siege, working up slowly.

I saw one yesterday.

It want no bigger than a small French turn-up.

It had attakd a small woman ov only 9 summer's duration.

She waz full ov recreation, and when she bounded along the sidewalk (it wuz on the west side of Saint Clair street, in the city ov Cincinnati, fornenst Baker & Davis' yellor sope store) the waterfall highsted up and down in an ossillating manner, resembling mutch the sportive terminus ov a bob-tailed lamb in a grate hurry.

The effeck waz purely eclectick.

I also saw another one pretty soon, which belonged tew a mature matron.

She might hav saw 75 summers, her hair waz white az flour (Perkins "A," worth 15 dollars a barrell, delivered); but the waterfall waz black.

I asked a bystander how he could account for that.

He said, "it waz younger."

I also saw another one pretty soon, which waz the property ov a gusher.

She waz about 19 years old, and waz az ripe az a 2 year peach.

She swept the streets like a thing of life.

Men stopped to gaze az she passed, and put in a new chew ov tobacco.

Little boys pocketed their marbles in silence.

Her waterfall waz about the size ov a korn basket turned inside out.

It waz inklozed in a common skap net, and kivered with blazing dimonds ov glass.

It shone in the friaky sun like the tin dome on the Court House, whare the supervisors meet.

But i rather like waterfalls.

It haz bin sed that they would run out, but this, i think, iz a error, for they don't show no leak yet.

In the language of the expiring Canadian, on our northern frontier, I say—"Vive la Bag-a-tale."

NITROUS OXIDE.

Mr. Editor:

I am a Surgeon.

Some years ago I assisted in killing and cutting up a sheep.

On the strength of this I was appointed an Army Surgeon and, to-day, there is not one of my patients living—it wouldn't sound well to pause here—who will say that I did not perform my work-satisfactorily.

I have now introduced the gas into my

practice, and find it as efficacious in amputating limbs as in extracting teeth.

The patient's sensations are so delightful while under its influence, that, on awaking, I am often begged to cut off the other leg.

Fact.

The rush to my office is tremendous, but all will be accommodated.

As each person enters, an usher hands him a numbered card, and he will not be compelled to wait longer than five days at the farthest.

I keep a book, wherein each person transcribes his name, and his sensations while amputation is being performed.

I append a few giving only the patients initials.

"Felt bully. Didn't care a red whether school kept or not."—

H. W. E.

"Thought the South had gained its independence, and that my Book had passed through its fortieth edition."—

I. B.

"Thought the 'goak' that a rich old uncle in England had left me Sixty thousand dollars was '2 troo.'"—

A. W.

"Never experienced such delicious sensations. Thought everybody that did not think like me had been hanged for treason."—

W. F.

"Felt sarcy. Thought Jeff. Davis had been pardoned, and I had gone a-fishing."—

H. G.

"The happiest moment of my life. Thought I had succeeded in crushing the opera, and all the theatre managers advertised in the N. Y. HERALD."—

J. G. B.

"Never felt better. Thought New York and New Jersey had gone democratic."—

F. & B. W.

There, you have a few selected at random, from a list of more than upwards of considerable.

They will suffice to show that Nitrous Oxide is a great institution, and that I am

Yours,

B. DODD.

P.S.—Don't for the world print the above; I am no Surgeon at all—never amputated any limbs—and never want to.

I have been inhaling the "Laughing Gas," and the foregoing are merely my "sensations" while under its influence.

Fact!

B. D.

THE PROVOCATIONS OF A PROTEGE.

When people play at providence, they play the deuce with other people, and they ought to be told of it. A picture illustrative of this result, after the manner of Death and the Lady, should be engraved, and sent to all Cæsars whatever, many parsons and spiritual papas, many ladies of the bountiful breed, many heads of families (strict)—of guardians, governors, and maiden aunts many; whose good intentions have furnished the hardest stones for that pavement which you and I, dear reader—faithful husband, tender father, affectionate friend, and universally-beloved as you are—may never tread, I hope. Further allusion is needless, save that the throne of him who reigns in that place is made of such

a stone entire; for Lucifer, Son of the Morning, it was who first played at providence—with the best intentions.

It may not be in good taste to introduce my Aunt Deborah immediately after the above case; but what can one do, when he is allowed only three or four columns for a whole article? There are hundreds of examples more heinous than she; and beginning with Charles Verhuil, otherwise Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte—that prodigious player at providence, whose good intentions have all preceded him—I might have come down to my aunt, in easy and graceful stages. But as it is—!

It is a shocking thing to say, but "Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring of woes unnumbered," hardly showered more miseries on an individual Greek head than my aunt's affection showered upon mine. She, good soul! undertook to provide for me when a superior Providence took my parents more immediately in charge. Herself, she had never been either father or mother; I doubt whether she had ever been a sweetheart; and I know she had grown up alone when a child, with no other playfellow but my grandfather, who taught her cribbage at the age of seven. Therefore, to her, life was dull. It was a wilderness to her, barren, deceiving; full of snares, and pit-falls, and disappointing joys. So taking me by the hand, she would not let me quit her side, though I saw pleasure enough on every hand, and longed to scamper after it and into it. Perhaps, also, my aunt found the wilderness of this life haunted, after she had taken me into her company; perhaps she felt the eyes of her dead brother and sister upon her from time to time, anxious for their child.

That may account for much. But I do not believe the ghosts of my parents required her to administer brimstone and treacle so frequently; to make me wear nightcaps; to send me to bed, in Summer, ere the sun had set, and while I could still hear James Brown hallooing on the Common; to keep me in ignorance of roast pork, and to brothify my blood with overmuch mutton; to declare brandy-balls contraband; to torture my feet with woollen socks; to make me read the "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain" every Sunday; or to dress me like a Guy.

Here it was that I suffered most. Take collars for instance. Mr. Mowbray might have backed his scholars generally against any in the neighborhood for small plaiting. I was one of Mr. Mowbray's pupils; and my collars were my aunt's—transparent muslin with an epaule hem, and pointed eaves that overhung my shoulders. Of course, I was known as "Collars." Then that bottle-green suit! Then that—It is too late to engrave a diagram for these pages, or I would supply an elevation and plans of a Cap aunt made me to go to school in. Luckily, however, there exists an article which will convey a tolerably accurate idea of it—the concertina. Imagine one of those instruments. Let it be permanently distended; also let it be of a lively blue color. Take away the keyboards at either end, fill one of the apertures thus created with a disc of covered cardboard, a tassel six inches long depending from the centre. Put your head into the other aperture.

In vain I represented the impossibility of appearing in public with such a thing as this upon one's head. My aunt replied, that she had made it exactly after the latest Book of Fashions. I remonstrated; I implored. I put a case, and asked her how she would like it—in vain.

It was a Summer morning when I was delivered over to a heartless public. Despatched to school, the agonies I endured in passing up our street are never to be described. At every footfall the wretched thing quivered on my head like a pile of jelly, sending a series of thrills down my spine, regular as the beatings of a pendulum. To alleviate this torture, I threw some rigidity into my back; an expedient which, while it only partially effected the object in view, seemed to hasten and to heighten the catastrophe of the situation. I was perceived—by Madgwick. Madgwick was always below me in class, and therefore it was with a yell of delight that he pointed me out to our schoolfellows. These, turning about, attributed the rigidity of my appearance to hauteur, and an overweening satisfaction in the object vibrating on my head. This sharpened their ideas of the ridiculous; and in another minute my already bleeding spirit fell fainting in the fire of their laughter. Ashamed to the last degree, I started away and ran. Alas me! If running abbreviated the duration of my torment, it increased its pangs; for the wretched cause of all bobbed and wriggled the more—not only to the delight of my schoolfellows, but to the amusement of the general public.

I turned into a lane. I leapt a hedge. I tore the sky-blue horror from my head, and sat upon it, that it might be invisible even to the serene heavens. There I sat the Summer-day long; returning home at length by dark passes, and in the shadow of the walls. And as I reentered the house, I resolved never to leave it in that cap again—never, alive.

Next morning Mr. Mowbray, whose morning walk was past our house, called to inquire respecting my absence from school. Absence from school! Had I, then, been "wagging?" My aunt was a stern woman; she viewed wagging sternly; associating it with a future in which the gallows loomed large. She desired Mr. Mowbray to give me a lecture on the spot. He complied; and every word, as it issued from his lips, she sharpened and drove home into my bosom with her eyes. This concluded, she drew forth the thing I have named, gently but firmly placed it on my head, and Mr. Mowbray led me away.

I yielded to my fate, and from that day the school ceased to call me "Collars." I was now known as young "Bellows;" and Bellows I long remained. At a comparatively advanced period of life I had occasion to visit Madras. Hauled through the surf, I stood damp and alone upon a foreign shore. As this sad reflection passed through my mind, a voice suddenly opened at my elbow—"Hallo, Bellows!" I turned—it was Madgwick. Madgwick is a very agreeable man in private life I am told.

My aunt's next design upon my peace, while it exhibited still greater ingenuity, was not so successful. I was still a little fellow, and it occurred to her in an inventive moment that her black silk petticoat would make me a nice pair of trousers; and taking counsel

with her dressmaker, she caused this idea to be realized privately. In blest unconsciousness I slept the night on which they were brought home, waking to see a sweet dream of my little sweetheart die away on the window-blind. It was Sunday; I should certainly behold her at church. I turned about for my best suit, and there, on a chair by the bedside, lay the nice trousers, all others being artfully taken from the apartment. I gazed on the "silks." With one twinkle of my legs I got into them, and bounded down stairs.

Aunt Deborah stood on the hearth, teapot in hand, as I burst into the sitting-room, and proceeded to explain my sentiments in dumb show. Indignantly I presented the garment for reconsideration in every possible point of view, and with attitudes never conceived in the wildest dreams of a dervish. Side view, front view, view walking, view astraddle, view *en piquette*, view in the act of flying a garter, of climbing a tree; with all and all together I reproached her, winding up with a torrent of ironical remarks. Oh! what a nice pair of trousers! O dear! how shiny! When I walked in the sun, people would say, "Look at that little boy! He shines like a black-beetle!" etc.

Aunt was taken by surprise. She was even a little alarmed, I think; for she grew nervous, embarrassed; set down the teapot with a trembling hand, and seemed to make some feeble excuses founded upon the black silk breeches of her generation. At length her confusion made me ashamed. I went up to her asking her pardon; and then with a few tears, she quietly explained herself:

What did I suppose to be the object of all her cutting and contriving? Was it to make me think her mean and unkind? No. It was because her little nephew would need money by-and-by to start him in the world, or even, perhaps, to support him in some long sickness, when nursing was no longer to be had for love, but only for money. From the day my father died she had been closely boarding her little income; by the time I needed it, it would be quite a comfortable sum, please God, and it was all for me. Who else?

My heart was now opened to the true interpretation of many little mysteries in our household, past and passing; and I was mollified accordingly. Looking on the silks, and thinking of kind intentions and strong stitches gone for nought, I resolved for a moment—but no, that would be too much.

Besides, aunt did not insist this time; indeed, it soon appeared that the fandango she witnessed that morning had re-colored her ideas. A tailor was called in. Shortly afterwards I was taken from Mr. Mowbray's academy, and placed in the hands of Birch Budby, Esq., B. A., whose massive brow betrayed the scholar, while his tiny nose and fiery little eyes equally declared the boy-queller.

But do not suppose my provocations ended here. In the first place, the ebullition of tenderness, remorse, or what you will, described above, was never repeated. And, again, my aunt's explanation revealed too much. It revealed the bond of dependence, at the moment when extravagant expenses were incurred for me at Budby's. Now dependence was not to my mind. I could not endure the reflection that a good old lady

was denying herself all sorts of comforts and old-lady-like luxuries for my sake. Once alive to this consideration, it grew apace. Her faded bonnets wounded me; her mangy wig smote me like another conscience; her antiquated fur-tippet pointed the squirrel-tail of scorn at me; and when the old lady gave up her nightly negus and took to arrowroot, I felt like a ghoul, a vampire, a basilisk, and a blood-sucker.

These were new and poignant miseries, and many a night they made me sleepless. And I verily believe aunt secretly enjoyed my disquiets. Why else did she come so often to see me (Buddy's was only four miles from home) explaining with such a satisfied air that she was ashamed to come to the house—rather choosing to waylao me in the neighborhood? With sandwiches in a basket for refreshment? In her worst gown? In a bonnet of archaeological character? With pattens when it wasn't muddy, and an umbrella in serene July? It was on purpose to aggravate my feelings; to make them swell in my bosom as the livers of geese are enlarged, for a more ample and delicate repast. And, like the vulture that dined thirty years upon the liver of Prometheus, my aunt found in me a never-failing feast.

But I do believe this vulturine appetite was stimulated by the kindest and most pathological sentiments. If she had been called upon to explain them, she would have replied, that she wished to incite me to make the most of my small advantages, by showing me their cost; that she had all her life long been trying to earn love by love alone; that she had signally failed in the attempt; and that now she was growing old, it became a matter of life and death almost to bind some heart to hers—one life that should ease her own down into the dark waters—by any means whatever. But how should I understand an old maid's sentiments at that early age? One fact, indeed, filled the whole circle of my contemplations—there was room for nothing else; and this fact was (as before mentioned) that I was a ghoul, a vampire, a basilisk, and a blood-sucker; living on the substance of a poor old lady (as Solomon was nourished by many young ones), and reducing her to the last stages of destitution. I was the devastating moth in her fur tippet; I, virtually, the little insect which represents the mange in her wig. 'Twas I who, like another Eleanor, offered the gruel cup to my kind old Rosamond, permitting her no alternative save the sharpness of hunger. Looking at the matter in this light, I could endure it no longer; and, taking the first opportunity, went home to open my mind.

The old lady was about to make tea when I entered. She loved tea; and her customary allowance of the herb to each infusion was measured by a caddy-spoon of liberal capacity. But on this occasion she actually took the sugartongs, and deposited three nips into the disgusted urn. My courage had been falling, like the mercury in a thermometer, from the moment I entered the cool precincts of our home. On this proceeding of Aunt Deborah's, it remounted, add with new resolution, as with a nail, I fixed it. I declared at once that I was resolved to remain an incubus (that was the word) no longer; that I was tired of being an incubus; and was convinced I could now fight my way in the world without robbing my

relations. There was the sea, and there was the army.

Aunt Deborah sank into a chair. For a few moments she kept silence; then abstractedly addressing the coal-scuttle, as if there she had hidden her household gods, she murmured—

"Here's gratitude!"

"Dear aunt I am sure I am grateful, and I wish to show it by not taxing your goodness any longer. Out of all the money you have saved for me, give me only enough—"

("Here's gratitude!")

"—to get settled in some decent trade—"

("After all I have done for him!")

"—and spend the rest yourself. You ought. I don't want it; I want to be independent—"

("After all I have endured for him!")

"—and work my own way. Do, aunt?"

("This is how I am repaid!")

An agonized pause.

("G-r-r-racious Heavens!")

Was not this a pretty situation? While imagining that I had discovered an honorable way of releasing my aunt from further sacrifices, and myself from the pain of accepting them, I found I had compassed a measure of household treasury quite bewildering. This was to heap coals of fire upon the head of my benefactor, and at the same time to brand myself with the stigma of ingratitude. The incompatibilities of the case were dreadful to contemplate. Both horns of the dilemma pierced me at once, and vainly I appealed to my aunt for relief. Dreamy and lost, she kept her eyes on the coal-scuttle, rocked to and fro, and now and then lifting her eyes, muttered painfully. At length she rose and retired to her room. I followed desperately, but reached the door only in time to see it locked upon me. This was unfortunate; because, what a woman's heart is to her reason, so is her bedroom to her parlor, when you have anything to plead.

The kind reader cannot fail to see the dilemma upon which I was thrown. He perceives, on the one hand, the frying-pan of repentance; and, on the other, the fire of an old woman's reproaches and her broken heart. It is easy to imagine me suspended over both, or suffering alternately in either.

Matters became worse when the Reverend Jabez Whelk came on the scene; that was when I was eighteen, and urgent to get into some profession. Mr. Whelk was minister of my aunt's chapel, and used often to dine with her. As their acquaintance grew, his visits became more frequent: and having now left Buddy's, I also enjoyed much of his company. Yet a little while, and his conversation became chiefly addressed to me, while aunt sat listening and smiling in the fulness of content. He talked sectarian talk; he appealed to my religious sentiments; he talked of ripening fields, and the dearth of laborers for the harvest; and it only needed that my aunt should buy me some white neckcloths to reveal the plot. It was proposed to make me a minister of the Reverend Jabez Whelk's persuasion.

Mr. Whelk belonged to a sect, small, but very lively, which I almost hated. [Remember, I was an unthinking boy at this time.] I hated it for the sake of the eccentric and popular preacher, Gupps, who, emulating the

fame of Rowland Hill, became a brutal copy of that good man. I hated it for the sake of Obed Smiter, who was so outraged at finding himself described in certain placards as a reverend, that he put his face to the wall wherever they appeared, and gnawed out the vain word (at least he used to boast that he did.) Nor was Mr. Whelk himself at all calculated to improve my desire to enter the brotherhood, for in no respect did he seem like a Christian gentleman.

Moreover, I had grace enough to know that I was unfit and unworthy to become a priest. I was no more suited to that high vocation, than the vocation was suited to me; and, to be candid, I felt that the spotless neckcloth would be to me a choker indeed—strangling my best purposes, and clapping a tourniquet on my only aspirations. I awaited in calm resolve the formal opening of the subject; nor had I to wait long.

I felt its approach, one winter evening, in the increased balminess of my aunt, and not the less from the momentous deportment of Mr. Whelk. Presently, warmed with tea and lubricated with buttered toast, he led off, my aunt encouraging him with a grave smile. He glided into a dulcet and tortuous discourse, half an hour long, rendered impressive by many quavers of emotion. At length, with a very long quaver indeed, he delivered himself of a question:—there it lay naked before me. He paused for a reply; so did my aunt; so did the knitting-pins reposing in her lap. I thought it safest to give it them at once; for my aunt's old distressful look was stealing its influence over me strong. So I delivered a round, hard negative, right into the camp. The knitting-pins staggered, heeled over, and toppled into the fender. Aunt started her spectacles off, darted on me a look of reproach, and instantly assumed the appearance of a statue. Mr. Whelk fixed a melancholy eye upon the ceiling; but he—he evidently expected it.

"Here's gratitude!" faltered the old lady, again apostrophising her gods in the coal-scuttle.

"Ah, ma'am!" responded Mr. Whelk (low, and with symptoms of internal suffering), "here's gratitude indeed!—gratitude indeed!"

I ventured to ask Mr. Whelk what he meant by that. Said he, wagging his forefinger at me—

"Beware, young man!—beware!"

Now, I admit that I grew rather indignant at this exclamation; but am confident that neither act, look, nor word of mine justified my aunt in springing from her chair, precipitating herself between us, bidding me strike her, but spare that good man. She did so, however, and a strong hysterical wind appeared to blow through the room at the moment, threatening a storm. Nor would she be pacified till Mr. Whelk assured her that though the viper might wound the bosom that had cherished it, its fangs would fail to penetrate his mail-clad breast!

I shall proceed only a little further with this recital. Neither my sense of duty nor my inclination permitted me to fulfil my aunt's desire; and she never forgave me. Nor more, perhaps, did Mr. Whelk; for when aunt fell ill, months afterwards, of lumbago, he summoned me to her bedside, and amidst the groans of the chapel-members that surrounded

it, called upon me to behold the wreck I had made! In the chapel itself I became the illustration of bitter texts; the end of which was that I could not pass a member without feeling that I was in some sort a wretch. Nor was this all; the Society's little tract, "C. V.; or the Sin of Ingratitude," which appeared about this time, and has since become so popular, rather more than hints at my case. Those are my initials, for instance.

What more shall I say, with no space to say it in? This, at least: that I broke away from my dependence, took to an "honorable calling," and prospered: also, that presently I courted Clara Joy. Clara had beautiful curls; the curls were deadly objectionable to my aunt, and so the little silly thing (Clara I mean) actually cut them off; excusing herself by declaring that she could not afford to lose me, nor could I afford to lose my Expectations! I do assure you—I do assure the public—this was not the smallest of my provocations; for Clara's hair never curled so nice again.

How otherwise we were provoked, in the matter of public remarks on our page; in the matter of breeching our first boy; in the matter of convening prayer-meetings in my back parlor, without warning, in order to turn me from the perdition of my play-writing career—how all this happened I cannot go on to relate. Enough that we bore it all, because it seemed to be generally settled that that was the least we could do in return for our Expectations. Enough, that in the fulness of years the old lady died, leaving me one hundred pounds; bequeathing to our Charlie another hundred pounds (which did not compensate his sufferings in the matter of breeching), and six times that sum to the mission of Crincumalee. The remainder of her property (near five thousand pounds) was devised for the purpose of building a splendid new chapel and residence for the Reverend Jabez Whelk. Which ended my provocations.

THE MYSTERIOUS FACE.

I am an old-fashioned old-boy, and when I was a child, I was an old-fashioned young boy; so of what fashion I really am, it is hard to conjecture. I have tried to read Mr. Thackeray's works, but I do not think I quite understand them, not being literary, and feeling puzzled by satirical remarks, especially when I know beforehand that the author is a wit, and that I ought, therefore, to find a hidden meaning in every line; yet from what I have been able to make out, I should say that I was a *fogy*. I do not belong to any club, though my means are comfortable; I live in London, and have often been asked whether I should like to join the Polynices or Artaxerxes. Well, I *should* like; and yet, you see, I could never exactly make up my mind, because I never have belonged to a club. No; there is a tavern I frequent, where the cook is most excellent, and where I dine daily at the same minute, in the same corner. Once that corner was usurped: I tried to dine at another table, in vain! I was unwell the next day, and had to take medicine; but the waiter, Charles, has been very careful ever since; and I believe that rather than allow me to be subjected again to similar inconvenience, the proprietor would feed a succession of beggars, *gratis*, in that place for the entire afternoon, to keep it

for me, just as noblemen with younger sons at college, present octogenarians to their livings. Why must I dine in that particular corner? Because I have always done so. That unintelligible remark about noblemen's sons and livings is not mine, but my nephew Tom's; Tom, whom I have employed to write out this account, from my dictation, insists on putting in his remarks, will "touch up" my narrative, as he calls it, and I do not quite like it; no more do I like his slapping me so hard on the back, and rubbing down the calves of my trousers when I have been standing for some time with my back to a large fire; and I do not know why I should let him and everybody play upon me, but I always have. There is also a cigar divan to which I go every morning at ten o'clock, and read the newspaper till half-past twelve, smoking during that time two cigars. One paper always lasts me the whole time, as I peruse every column; and yet, somehow, if any one in the course of the afternoon, asks me about the news, I find it has all slipped out of my head. No, Tom, I am not asleep all the time; if I were, my cigar would go out, which it does not—often. I remember my childhood; we always had roast beef and Yorkshire puddings on Saturdays, cold meat and fruit pie on Sundays. I can also call to my mind my boyhood and school-days, for never have I in after-life been able to discover such toffy as that sold at the dame's round the corner, or such open tarts as appertained to the pastry cook's higher up the street.

I was about eighteen when I first discovered that earth possessed a charm, not indeed equal to eating and drinking, but only secondary to those pleasures: the name of *woman* began to stir my heart; I indulged in reveries and poetical fancies; and often in the midst of the joys of some unusually piquant dish, have I thought how sweet it would be to see a fair form gracing the opposite seat, enhancing the flavor by her sympathy, and, when there was enough for both, participation.

When in the presence of ladies, however, I was bashful, embarrassed, awkward; I trod on their dresses, spilt scalding coffee down their backs, pulled all their music off the piano, split their fans, dropped and broke their smelling-bottles, and made myself generally disagreeable; so that I retired early from the field, and made up my mind to die an old bachelor. Still, I could not stifle a yearning towards beauty, which, after a while, took the settled form of a fancy for painting and sculpture; at least as far as those arts took the female face and form for their study. I never bought, but I pottered about sales and exhibitions, and spent hours daily in staring in at shop-windows, and turning over second-hand prints. The society of women's pictures is certainly not so thrilling as direct communication with the real article; but then it is more comfortable—the bewitching smile in a painting never turns to a frown; the expression of the features fades not into a bored apathy immediately you are left alone with it. You have not got to tickle its vanity—you feel no jealousy when others gaze on it; on the contrary, the admiration of friends enhances your pleasure; and if you are poetically gifted, what charming scenes, tender and domestic—O, how far above reality?—may the imagination conjure up. Even I, who

hate poetry—that is, I can't read it, can't make out what the writer is driving at—even I can fancy all sorts of things, and encounter all sorts of adventures while gazing at a good picture of a beautiful woman. I never came to understand anything about the art as an art, and it was some time before I picked up the picture-slang. For instance, one day a friend came up to me at a sale, and interrupted my musings over a painting by whispering:

"Are you thinking of bidding? Be warned, my dear fellow, and do not go high—quite a take in! not a Titian! by no means a Titian!" "Perhaps not," I replied, "but very pretty; I doubt whether Titian herself had a better leg and ankle." Of course I came to know better than that, but still I am not yet a first-rate amateur.

It was when I was about thirty that I was very much struck one May-day by a face in the exhibition of the Royal Academy. It was that of a full-sized Judith, who was standing in a striking, if not strictly feminine attitude, with a bloody sword in one hand, a dripping head in the other, and her eyes turned up to heaven. That face fascinated me; I waited patiently till a seat opposite the picture was vacant, and then plumped myself down, and, heedless of the connoisseurs, country-cousins, and flirting couples, who trod on my toes, and hustled me on every side, there I sat and gazed my—(No, Tom, that is not so elegant; scratch it out)—gazed to satiety (that is better).

I was fascinated. Day after day did I return to feast my eyes upon that picture; and the R. A. was making quite a nice little competency out of me in shillings, when I began to find myself lying awake at night, thinking of those up-turned eyes, and, horrible symptom, my appetite showed signs of feebleness. Having no fancy to become a second Pig, Pig (What's his name, Tom?) Pigmallyon, I left off my visits to Trafalgar-Square; and as Ovid tells us the best remedy for love is to multiply the objects of our admiration—proving thereby that Hahnemann was not the first homœopathist—I patronized the exhibition in Pall Mall, determined to find a rival for Judith.

In the first room there was nothing particular to arrest my attention; but the moment I entered the second, I was struck all of a heap by a Siren. No!—yes! it was! The attitude was different, the expression was different, the dress was very different,—indeed, the present lady only wore her hair, which was fortunately very long and plentiful, but still there was the identical nose, the very charming chin, the same bewitching mouth. It was a fate, then; for how could two artists have struck out the same idea by chance? I left the room confused, bewildered; and the waiter at Bob's that day looked astonished when I told him I was ready for the Siren; nor was his surprise mitigated when I ordered a pint of Judith. I now no longer attempted to resist my destiny, but gave myself up to rapt seraphic contemplation of the ideal (Ah, cabbage! Uncle has one of Bulwer Lytton's books in his hand.—Tom), visiting one or other of the exhibitions every day until they closed, and then I felt a void in my existence I had never known before. I grew melancholy and dyspeptic and consulted a medica

man, who prescribed complete change of scene; to obtain which I made up my mind to quit my native land, and take up my residence, for a fortnight, at Boulogne. I pass over the horrors, the perils, the miseries of the voyage, which lasted upwards of two fearful hours, and proceed to chronicle my extreme good-fortune in discovering a boarding-house where the hostess was English, the guests English and Irish, the servants English, and O! the cookery English.

Here I took up my abode, and sought once more the distractions of society—that is, I played Pope Joan with the old ladies for counters at a penny the dozen; I walked on the pier, and saw the people bathing, and the packets come in; and I subscribed to the *Etablissement des Bains*, and sat in a corner on the ball-nights.

Plunged in this vortex of dissipation, the face which had so long haunted me began to fade from my remembrance, when one day, the third after my arrival, as I stood on the pier and watched the debarkation from the London packet, I saw a lady advancing alone, along the plank leading from the vessel to the shore. Her veil was down, yet I could distinguish the outline of her features, and my heart throbbed with emotion. With a stately step she pursued her way to the custom-house door, and then, ere she entered, turned, and to see more clearly where her luggage was being carried to, raised the envious veil. It was she! the Judith! the Siren! the ideal of two artists and mine. I put the burning end of my cigar to the back of my hand to see whether I was awake or not, and an instantaneous blister proved the fact indisputably. Who shall describe my bewilderment? I felt like the he-dancer in a ballet when the principal she-dancer bursts at unexpected moments out of cup-boards, linen-presses, laurel-bushes, flower-beds, and tombstones. Was it angelic? Was it diabolic? Was it a coincidence?

I went home with an oppressive presentiment that something was going to happen to somebody somewhere, and mused till dinner.

We sat at meals in the order of our arrival, and got promotion when those above departed; and as I had hitherto been the last, I was surprised to see a clean napkin laid next to mine below me. We did not have clean napkins daily, but folded up our dirty ones, and stuck them through a ring with a number on it, which we invariably forgot; so the clean napkin attracted attention, and Mrs. Jones, our hostess, explained that we were to have an addition to our circle, a Mrs. Plantagenet, widow. My heart gave a bound in my bosom—what if it should be she! Pooh, nonsense; it was most probably some dumpy old woman with a red nose, who took snuff, and next to whom it would be very unpleasant to sit. Be she whom she might, the stranger was late; the soup, the fish passed away, the *entremets* were handed around before the door opened, and—it was she! I thought I should have swooned, collapsed, died of apoplexy, of rush of blood to the heart, and believe that some or all of these calamities would have happened to me, had not a heaven-directed mouthful of oyster-pate gone down the wrong way.

"Have a glass of water?" said she in the most natural way in the world, as if we had known each other for months.

Could she have seen pictures of me? Was I her ideal, as she was mine?

"Anything going on here?" she asked, when I had somewhat recovered. "What's at the theatre?"

I replied that I had not been there, not understanding the language.

"O, you must learn it," she said; "it is soon done if you are plucky enough to talk, and don't mind being laughed at when you make mistakes."

"There is the Etablissement, where they dance."

"That is all right. I adore dancing; don't you?"

"Yes, a little; that is, I am rather clumsy at it."

"Oh, soon learn—practice in the evening, take lessons in the morning. Is the champagne good here?"

I hastened to order a bottle and offer her a glass. I had never got on so well with a lady before. I was like the simple Simon (Query, *Cymon*?—Tom) of antiquity, Love had polished me. When I sought my pillow that evening, two things astonished me: one was, the manner in which my destiny had taken my education in hand; the other that, as a widow, she must have been some one else's destiny beforehand; but doubtless that was a forced match, an ill-assorted union. Bashful and unenterprising as I naturally was with the fair sex, my present advantages might have been lost from the mere want of being followed up, had not a series of minor events—lacking individually the same startling and supernatural character which distinguished those employed to bring us together, but still bearing the stamp of destiny when considered as a whole—combined to draw Mrs. Plantagenet and myself into closer intimacy. Thus, the morning after her arrival, I was smoking my after-breakfast cigar in the paved court at the back of the house, when the Venetian shutters of a window on the ground floor were opened, and she appeared, clad in a delightful fresh morning-dress. She started, smiled, and bowed. I apologised for the cigar. It was the scent of all others I most preferred, which emboldened me to remain near the window. What a beautiful day it was! how she would enjoy a walk if she only had a companion. I offered to attend her; she demurred a little, and saw no harm—we were not known. In a quarter of an hour we were quite familiar. Had I had a dancing-master yet? No! She herself would teach me a few steps. In two hours we were walking arm-in-arm up to the Napoleon column; in two days we were dancing together at the Etablissement; in a week we called each other Leonora and Edward; in ten days, I was an engaged man.

In consequence, as she informed me, of a distressing law-suit at the time depending, it was not convenient for Leonora to return to England just then; and as I had certain affairs to arrange, and certain relations (a word rhyming with expectations) whose advice it was desirable to ask, and, so far as it coincided with my own views, follow, it was decided that I should cross the Channel, settle everything, and return to Bliss; while Bliss remained at the boarding-house at Boulogne, and occupied herself in looking out for comfortable lodgings in the upper town. It certainly saves one a good deal of trouble to marry a widow.

By Leonora's advice I went straight from Boulogne to London, for though the voyage that way is of longer duration, you can go to bed and sleep all the time, or, at least, you can try to do so; so I took a berth on board the *Stumakpomp*, and, in order to secure it, undressed and turned in before the vessel left the quay. The experiment was to some extent successful, for though the motion caused me to feel giddy, bewildered, and helpless, I was spared that horrible sensation of approach-dissolution, accompanied with tickling in the sides, which I had before experienced, whenever the packet shot rapidly down the side of some unusually big wave, and indeed, escaped all the worst symptoms of the malady.

After I had laid quiescent on my back for about three hours, two gentlemen came into the cabin, whom, from their long hair, beards, and general cut, I rightly conjectured to be artists.

"Well, Jack, as it is raining cats and dogs on deck, and the saloon is full of temporary invalids drinking brandy-and-water, I suppose this is about the coziest nook in the whole ship. Upper or lower?"

"You have the longest legs. Lower."

"All right; here goes;" and the taller of the two swung himself up into the berth immediately opposite mine, the other rolling into that underneath him.

"Jack!"

"Yes!"

"Can one smoke?"

"No!"

"What a bore!" And they plunged into general talk. They discussed politics, cookery, operas, preachers, everything; but their principal conversation was of paintings and painters; to all of which I listened in a dreamy way, passively, not paying attention, when suddenly a word caught my ear which startled me like an electric shock—"Judith."

It was at the end of something said by the under man, and the upper directly answered: "O yes, I remember now; she sat also for Blowser's Siren, didn't she?"

"That's her. Pity she is so extravagant. Over head and ears in debt. Can't put her foot in England, they say. I saw her yesterday on the pier."

"Speak to her?"

"Not I; she had the prize in tow; it might have spoiled sport. Besides, she tipped me a little frown."

"Ah! and you say he is well off?"

"Very, they say. He won't be long so, poor beggar!"

"And he is really going to marry her?"

"Safe."

"What a consummate ass! It is rather a bore though; perhaps he won't let her sit."

"Not while his money lasts, perhaps; but that can't be long, in her hands; and then he cannot be a very particular sort of chap to marry her at all."

Only Dante could describe my feelings; suffice it that on arriving in London I made searching inquiries into the antecedents of Mrs. Plantagenet, the result of which was to determine me to break off the match.

It is pleasant to have a wife who is a model of virtue, sobriety, industry, good humor; but not one who is a model "Venus rising from the sea."

An enlightened British jury, however, saw

the matter from a different point of view, and when the action was brought against me, brought in a verdict for the plaintiff—damages £500.—*Chambers's Journal.*

(From the Weekly Review.)

GEORGE ARNOLD.

BURIED AT GREENWOOD CEMETERY, NOV. 13, 1863.

Beneath the still November sky,
With Nature's peace and beauty blest,
We put our selfish sorrow by,
And laid our loved one down to rest.
Rest—in the morning of his days!
Rest—when his heart had just begun
To feel the warmth of all men's praise—
The radiance of the rising sun!
Rest—to a strong and stately mind,
That rose all common flights above!
Rest—to a heart as good and kind
As ever glowed with human love!
And round him, dimly through our grief,
In every natural sound we heard—
In whispering grass, and rustling leaf,
And sighing wind—the same sweet word:
Rest!—And we did not break the spell,
By holy Nature cast around
The fading form we left to dwell
Forever in her hallowed ground.
No hymns were sung, no prayers were said
Save what our loving hearts could say,
When, gazing mutely on the dead,
We blessed him—ere we turned away.
Back to the round of daily care
That seems so vacant to us now,
Remembering what repose was there,
What peace, upon his marble brow.
And so we left him—nevermore
To see, in sunshine or in rain,
The semblance of the form he wore,
Whose loss has steeped our souls in pain.
But long as skies of autumn smile,
And long as clouds of autumn weep,
Or autumn leaves their splendors pile
In sorrow o'er their Poet's sleep;
And long as violets grace the spring,
Or June-born roses blush and blow,
Or pale stars shine, or south winds sing,
Or tides of summer ebb and flow;
So long shall live their Poet's name—
When rest these broken hearts of ours—
Embalmed, in everlasting fame,
With stars and leaves and clouds and
flowers.

WILLIAM WINTER.

(From Watson's Art Journal.)

L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

Among the worst features of the conduct of the American press, is its bitter, heartless greed after news. A scandal, invented or magnified by some irresponsible penny-a-liner, involving, perhaps, the fair fame or the very existence of an individual, or a family, is seized upon by unscrupulous papers all over the country—heralded to the world, spread out as a dainty repast, its details dwelt upon, enlarged and spiced up to make the lie or the fact more dainty or more damning.

No pains are taken to inquire into the case, no charity is exerted to sift out some palliating circumstance, some grain of excuse, from out the mass of irresponsible gossip; but all is swallowed by a yawning maw, ever yearning for prurient excitements, and transferred as matter to fill up columns which had far better been left blank.

The charges against Gottschalk have been chiefly made through anonymous correspondents. The first was wild and slightly humorously sarcastic; the second was tinged by a gentle moral tone; the third indulged in virtuous indignation; then came a host of fertile and prurient writers, who ran riot on the subject, invented details and colored them, held up the young ladies concerned to infamy and shame, with a reckless indecency that no gentleman could be guilty of, and heaped upon Gottschalk every scurrilous and filthy epithet that they could drag out of the book of slang.

The charge, when divested of all business and personal surroundings, is simply this: Two young ladies, pupils in a seminary, a short distance from San Francisco, appointed a meeting with a gentleman of that city, at the same time soliciting him to induce Gottschalk to join them. Gottschalk accepted the invitation, and the consequence was a prolonged ride in the country; after which the parties separated, each to their own way. The Pecksniff of the seminary had probably been notified by some enemy of Gottschalk—for we believe the whole affair a trap—and was waiting for the return of the indiscreet and romantic young ladies, and fully prepared to inquire and correct? No! but to blazon forth the culpable indiscretion, to call it by no harsher name of these young girls, to brand them with immediate shame, and thus wreck their every prospect for the future, and to close to them, in this life, the possible fruits of a sincere repentance. That their companions should share the blame, was a necessary and, we believe, a designed conclusion; but it is a curious fact, that while the "friend" is quietly pursuing his business in San Francisco, the stranger Gottschalk, the pianist, was made to suffer the brunt of the whole unfortunate *contretemps*, by a manufactured public opinion—manufactured, we think it will be proved, for special business purposes.

We will not disgrace our columns, or insult our readers, by transferring to our JOURNAL, the account which was published in the Chicago Times, and republished in the New York World, we regret to say, for the details and the pretended circumstantiality were only fitted for the the pages of the yellow-covered literature which the law justly condemns. We shall merely point out a few curious coincidences which may, or may not, afford a key to this ferocious and persistent attack upon Gottschalk.

The mine was sprung upon Gottschalk just before his announced farewell concert, on which occasion he intended to make a great demonstration, in the shape of a piece of music, to be played upon thirty-six of Chickering's grand pianos, which was a splendid advertisement for the agents of that firm. The concert, it is understood, did not take place; but, on the contrary, Gottschalk is said to have had to fly for his life, disguised as a stoker, an aged mifer, or an elephant, according to the varied but versatile version, eman-

ating from the San Francisco centre; most of which concluded with this curious business statement, that in consequence (consequence of what?) Chickering's pianos were a drug in the market, while a certain agent was selling those of a rival house like "hot cakes!" which is as natural a sequence as if we were to say that Sigismund Thalberg having committed an indiscretion, Erard's grand pianos were banished from every house in Europe, and Pleyel's substituted in their place. At any rate, the "consequence" just mentioned, being brought into virulent and vindictively indignant articles on Gottschalk's conduct is, to say the least of it, a curious coincidence.

For our own part, we believe the charges against Gottschalk to be grossly and cruelly exaggerated. We judge him by many years of intimate friendship; by a knowledge of his nature, his habits, and his tone of thought—from an acquaintance with the many temptations vainly thrown in his way here, and by his past life, when he was the spoiled and petted favorite of the highest circles in the most brilliant courts of Europe. In his native country alone has he encountered slanderers and depreciators. From the hour of his arrival, he has been the object of the bitterest detraction. At that period we have seen him weep bitterly—he was younger then—at the cruel calumnies and the slighting remarks which assailed him. He did not then realize the fact, that genius, while it compels hosts of admirers, also breeds an envious train of subtle, insidious enemies, who prey upon its good name and popularity. The whale has its lice, and the great ship its barnacles.

To those who know him, it is impossible to associate with his nature so grave and scandalous a charge. In every phase of social life, affectionate, loving, self-sacrificing as son and brother, true and generous in friendship, honorable in all business transactions, there are few men who can show a more noble record than Louis Moreau Gottschalk. His associations are always with the best of every land; and among his warmest and truest friends, in every city of the Union, are ladies, at whose houses he is always a welcome guest, and whose character and position are altogether beyond reproach. What man could desire a nobler endorsement?

For these reasons, we disbelieve the charges against Gottschalk, and we are certain that time will prove the justice of our denial and defence.

FOUL WEATHER.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

I.

The rain, upon the sodden grass,
Is beating, beating, wearily,
Gray clouds of mist like phantoms pass,
And the salt, wet wind wails drearily,
As it brings to me, from the shore afar,
The dirge of the surf on the outer bar.

II.

My heart, within my fevered breast,
Is beating, beating, wearily,
And Memory, with a sad unrest,
Wails through its chambers drearily,
Till I almost wish that the surf afar
Were singing my dirge on the outer bar.

Mme. de Lesdernier is to read in New York week after next.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1885.

NOTE FROM THE EDITOR.

MY DEAR PRINTER:

I am still under the weather, and you must get out this week's paper the best way you can.

You know how impossible it has been for me to do anything this last fortnight, but you may safely promise the reader that next week—accidents excepted—if the Press is lacking in either originality or vivacity, it shall not be the fault of

Yours truly,

H. C. JR.

52 Bleecker street, Nov. 24.

DRAMATIC FEUILLETON.

MY DEAR S. P.:

You tell me that your once beloved Figaro has gone back on you, and that the slave of the goosequill who does the drama in your sheet has met with an accident.

Why don't people avoid such unpleasant things?

Fractured his left arm, you say.

It should be a source of great consolation to him that it was not his write one.

As for Figaro—he is no great loss.

Judging from his later productions, what he was pleased to call his mind was gone.

Years of constant attendance at theatres, witnessing bad actors and worse plays, had destroyed it.

Then his conscience troubled him.

You and other remorseless editors compelled him to write weekly columns of praise when his judgment told him he should have written blame.

He endeavored to compromise with "the still small voice" by professing to write concerning theatres and in reality saying nothing about them.

But "the still small voice" wouldn't have it.

It was a miserable subterfuge, and led to rum and recklessness.

Poor Figaro! Let us drop the veil over this devoted martyr to theatrical advertising.

I live in the country.

I know nothing of theatres, and yet you ask me to write my opinion of what I have seen this week in New York, telling me at the same time that my ignorance of the subject is the greatest qualification I could possess to render me an eminent dramatic critic inasmuch as I can write myself down an ass without blushing.

Mary Jane and I came out of the far west on our wedding tour.

Mary Jane is very lovely, so I made straight

tracks for the Fifth Avenue Hotel—yet the Fifth Avenue Hotel was doing something with General Grant and therefore was too much occupied to do anything with us.

Mary Jane then proposed the Hoffman House, saying that she remembered that General Butler stopped there, and therefore the charges must be reasonable, as everyone knew that General Butler was fond of money, especially gold.

So Mary Jane and I went to the Hoffman House, and after I had welcomed her to New York with a salute of an explosive nature, caused by a concussion of lips, she wanted to go to a theatre.

"Mary Jane, love," said I "what theatre will you go to?"

"John, dear," said she, "Wallack's: I wish once more before I die (here she threw herself into my arms) to see the darling Lester."

"O! John, I used to love him so—and those whiskers—and those moustachios—their image is graven on the tablets of my memory."

"Mary Jane!" cried I.

"Don't be foolish, John," said she (seeing my reddened face) "it was but a fleeting fancy—'tis past—'tis gone."

"Angel!" said I, and we went to

WALLACK'S.

We obtained seats as near to the fiddlers as I could get them, because I like to watch the singular movements of the highly-respectable gentleman who struggles frantically with the double-bass; and a polite, sweetly-worded youth handed a newspaper to Mary Jane, a bill of the play forming its contents.

Mary Jane read.

Mary Jane sighed.

"John," said Mary Jane.

"Darling," said I.

"Lester doesn't play."

"My dear, I cannot help that," I replied.

"Why doesn't he play?"

"Dearest, I don't know."

"Let's go."

"Oh, ho! no, Mary Jane, I have paid three dollars and want something for my money."

Up went the curtain and a tatterdemalion of a fellow came on, in whom I thought I recognized my old friend Don Cesar de Basan, but discovered it was a relic of antiquity named Wellborn, and snatching the newspaper from Mary Jane I read "A New Way to pay Old Debts."

I looked round the house fancying I had made a mistake, but no!—I was in Wallack's Theatre, so I remained to assist at the resurrection of "Sir Giles Overreach."

A gentleman in front of me said, "The play is smoothly done, but it wants an Edmund Kean or a Booth to carry such a play as this."

I thought if Edmund Kean or Booth ever carried it, what a blessing it would have been to the present generation, if they had carried it away and no one had ever brought it back.

Mary Jane didn't like it much. I attributed this to her disappointment at not seeing Lester, so smiled grimly and stuck to my seat; but when Sir Giles instructed his daughter to "kiss close," Mary Jane wouldn't stand it any longer, not as she afterwards confessed to me, in an instant of weakness, that she objected to the practice of kissing close, but she did to the public promulgation of the precept.

Next day Mary Jane hunted for Lester's name in the casts of the standard and attractive plays entitled, "Love's Sacrifice" and "Still Waters Run Deep," and not finding it said she would not go to "Wallack's" until Thursday when "Lost in London" was to be produced, in which J. W. Wallack was to play, and then, said she, "If I can't see the darling Lester, at any rate I shall see one of the family"—so we went to the

WINTER GARDEN

and saw a convict named Robert Brierly, who was a good, pious young man, and had a "Ticket of Leave."

Mary Jane wept a good deal over his misfortunes and his early love, which was a great compliment, I thought, to Mr. J. S. Clarke, whose mission it is generally supposed is to make people laugh.

Mary Jane would cry. I requested her not to do it because the weather was damp.—It was last Tuesday.—She would do it. I begin to think that Mary Jane is obstinate.

I thought Sir. Humphry Bland's Jew was very good, but Mary Jane says he is a villain and prefers Mr. Andrews as Green Jones—who (Andrews not Jones) she declares is a rising actor.

I hope he rises early although I fear he sits up late.

Let him remember that the worm furnishes food for the early bird; whereas the late bird, early, furnishes food for the worm.

"The Ticket of Leave Man" has my leave and that of Mary Jane to continue a great moral lesson and a frightful example of the dangers of illuminated gardens and bottled sherry until the end of all time, or of Mr. Clark's time at the W. G.—whichever may be most agreeable to that very delightful actor.

I wanted to go to the

OLYMPIC

to see the "Sleeping Beauty," but Mary Jane forbade it.

She remembered how I raved about Mrs. John Wood when I was in town last season—how lovely she was—how delightfully she sang—and how Augusta danced—and what glorious scenery and stunning transformations were produced by Hayes and cooked by Selwyn—therefore she put her foot down on my entering the Olympic until "Monte Cristo," in the form of E. L. Davenport, walks forth in splendor and scatters his gold about with vengeful liberality.

Mary Jane says that somebody told her that the carnival scene in preparation is not only something to be seen but something to haunt your imagination, and to dream of when you have seen it.

Well, the Olympic being forbidden ground, I suggested

NIBLO'S.

We saw Forrest as Virgilius, and a grander actor never trod the stage.

I saw him in my "green and salad days."

I am old now—Mary Jane is my third wife.

I first saw Forrest as Spartacus.

To me, it was the revelation of a new school of acting.

I don't like the school any more than I like the Macready school, or the Charles Kean school or any school. But I recognise a giant mind in a giant body and I admire the artist.

What Mr. Forrest conceives he has the power to execute.

His execution is perfect.

Mary Jane does not think so: but she is young and has a brother who writes theatrical notices for the PEORIA THUNDERER.

"Arrah-Na-Pogue" pleases Mary Jane: so does Mr. Glenney.

I have read all that the unhappy Figaro said of the piece during a lucid interval, and agree with him.

With respect to the new people I think with Mary Jane, that Mr. Glenney is delicious, but that Miss Mary Wells' version of "Katty" is no improvement on that of Boucicault and House.

"Katty" is not a great part, but Miss Wells is too good an actress not to know that it is what Mary Jane's brother calls "a bit of fat."

Why then seek to make it fatter?

A vagabond named Shakespeare wrote a few lines to which I respectfully call the attention of Miss Wells.

The vagabond said,

"Let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them—for there be of them that will themselves laugh to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time some necessary question of the play is to be considered."

"That's villainous! and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it."

Last night M. J. and I wished to see "Sam" at the Broadway. I couldn't go, so she went with her cousin.

Her cousin likes "Sam" very much.

So does M. J., who says everybody likes "Sam," and everybody goes to see him—so I must do as everybody does.

I will go next week, unless I am nightly fascinated by

BARNUM'S

great combination of museum, theatre, circus, wax-figures, hippodrome, hippotheatron, refined master of the circle, bare-backed artists, classical riders, charming vocalists, corpses of auxiliaries, splendid arenas—domestic "Crosses of Gold," living skeletons, mammoth fat women, immense assortment of the tallest giants in the world, the smallest General Grants ever exhibited, steam Bohemian Blowers, three horned bulls, happy families etc., etc.

To-day Mary Jane and I go to "Sam's" matinee, then pop in at the reception of "Arrah-na-Pogue," and in the evening to the Hippotheatron, to see Mr. James Robinson, the greatest rider the world has ever seen, who creates the wildest enthusiasm every evening at 8.

Mary Jane desires her love, and I am—my dear S. P.,

Yours, rurally,

JOHN.

THE EARTH A SECOND-HAND AFFAIR.

There is nothing new under the sun. Some of these fine days, the human race, at present crawling on this globe will appreciate this fact. They will have the conceit taken out of them. They now fondly imagine that this earth was created for their especial accommodation, and that their ancestors came into possession of it when it was new. The fact of the matter is

that it is a miserable second-hand affair, that has been occupied by dozens of sets of tenants, and has come into the possession of the race who at present live and move and have their being on its surface, in a shockingly dilapidated and shaky condition. It will never be let again, after it passes out of the possession of the present tenants; it may be broken up, and the building materials used for other worlds, but it is far more probable that it will turn into a comet. Who can tell how often the curious drama, now being enacted on this earth, has been rehearsed before? The very same actors who are at present engaged in it may have filled the parts which they now play, and have forgotten all about it. Most people have experienced a consciousness at times, when they are in a place where they know they have never been before during their present lifetime, and under circumstances which reason would lead them to believe are entirely new to them, that they are familiar with both the place and the events which are transpiring. Many writers have mentioned this; Dickens speaks of it in one of his works. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his *AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE*, suggests, as an explanation of it, that the brain being divided into two compartments, one set of organs may receive an impression slightly before it is conveyed to those in the other compartment. He says this may be so, but he does not believe it. It is just as likely that the pre-Adamite races of man were the very same individuals who now inhabit this earth—that John Smith, and Tom Jones, and William Brown, who now walk about, dressed in broadcloth, were pre-Adamite men—wore pre-Adamite plug-hats, and smoked pre-Adamite cigars; in fact, that they have, ages ago, rehearsed the lives they now live, in the most minute particulars. When breaking-up day came, and the earth was reduced to a state of chaos, of course the earth swallowed up all the traces of civilization in the shape of plug-hats, cigars, waterfalls, etc., which were in existence. Then, after the earth was patched up, and set going again, the drama commenced, and in due course of time John Smith's, Tom Jones', and William Brown's souls, which had been carefully put aside for future use, were put into very much the same sort of bodies as they occupied during the pre-Adamite period, and walked about in just the same sort of clothes, wore the same succession of fashions in the way of hats, and smoked the same kind of cigars, as they had done during their pre-Adamite existence. It appears that some of the pre-Adamite cigars are coming to light, though, of course, they are, after the lapse of perhaps hundreds of thousands of years, in a perfectly unsmokable condition. A pre-Adamite cannon ball, with which pre-Adamite Grants and Lees made war, has also turned up. We clip the following from the *NEVADA TRANSCRIPT*:

"The cave recently found in the Star Spangled Banner ledge appears to be a reservoir of curiosities. The astonishment of miners at the discovery of a cannon ball seventy-five feet below the surface, has given way to greater amazement at the discovery of a fossil cigar. The cigar is most perfect in shape, and the separate layers of which it is composed are so distinct, that they may be easily counted. Another curious formation was also found, which closely resembles a carrot, and which is pronounced by those who ought to know, the fossil remains of that vegetable. The question now is, 'Who smoked such cigars and ate such carrots?'"

Wonderful, isn't it? It would be utterly absurd to suppose that a race of men, who

fired cannon balls from Anderson guns, smoked cigars—"our own manufacture, five for twenty-five cents"—and ate carrots, ever inhabited this earth before the race who now hold it had it turned over to them! We maintain that, possibly, this orb was reduced to a state of chaos by just the same means which are now being used to destroy it. It may have had a succession of bad tenants, who did all they could to knock it to pieces, by running tunnels, sinking shafts, and other destructive operations. We inhabit a ruined world, and when it is shaken to pieces the next time, it is very doubtful whether the smash will not be so thorough that it will not be worth repairing. In that case, the inhabitants who have played their parts on this stage may, perhaps, be promoted to higher roles in another world, and no race will succeed the present, to sink tunnels into the renovated earth, and dig up our old cannon balls, and petrified cigars, and carrots, and with cool conceit ask, "Who smoked such cigars and ate such carrots?" having a firm conviction that, before they came upon this earth, it was never inhabited by men civilized enough to use cannon balls to murder one another, smoke cigars, and eat carrots. "Lord, what fools these mortals be!"—*Californian*.

Messrs. Kirby & Co., 643 Broadway, have for sale a game recently invented and called "The Garrison Game." The general theory of it is not dissimilar to Chequers. It is played by two persons, one playing what are called the officers, of which there are three, and the other the men, of which there are fifty. The officers, who can move in any direction, capture the men by "jumping" when the opportunity offers, but are not compelled to jump unless required to by the adverse party, in which case they cannot refuse. The officers win the game by reducing the men to sixteen, or by blocking them up so that they can't move. The men win by taking possession of the Garrison. The men have the first move. Any one familiar with Chequers can learn the Garrison Game in one or two sittings.

Ned Underhill is to repeat his lecture "An Evening with Phunny Phokes," at Sawyer's Assembly Rooms, Brooklyn, this evening. According to the *BROOKLYN EAGLE* and *UNION*, it is one of the most humorous lectures ever given.

A city wag having said some weeks ago that the greatest nose to be seen on Broadway was Brentano's, the joke somehow got into print, and the country editors, nearly all of whom copy it, are wondering what on earth it means.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Prison Life in the South: at Richmond, Macon, Savannah, Charlestown, Columbia, Charlotte, Raleigh, Goldsborough, and Andersonville, during the years 1864 and 1865. By A. O. Abbott, late Lieutenant First New York Dragoons. With illustrations. 12mo. pp. 374. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Poems. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. A new and complete edition. 1 vol. 32mo. Blue and gold, \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Idylls of the King. By Alfred Tennyson. With 31 illustrations, from drawings by Solomon Eytinge, Jr., and S. Colman, Jr. 1 vol. 4to. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Poems. By Alfred Tennyson. Farrington edition. 1 vol. 12mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Atlantic Tales: A collection of stories from the *Atlantic Monthly*. 12mo. pp. 479. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The Tour of Doctor Syntax in search of the Picturesque. Illustrated with Original Designs by Alfred Crowquill. 18mo. pp. 407. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The Children's Hour. By E. W. S. and S. W. M. Small quarto, pp. 129. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott & Co.

(From Harper's Monthly for December.)

A VILLAGE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Our authority for so denominating a famous city is derived from one of those pert and peripatetic oracles—the newsboys. A gentleman (who waxed suddenly indignant), whose sur-tout, bandana handkerchief, visage, and bearing declared him an old-school recipient of the "moral sense of the community," inquired of one of those varlets, who rushed on to the crowded piazza of a fashionable watering-place hotel, vociferating, "Here's the *ERALD*, *TIMES*, and *TRIBUNE*!" if he had a copy of the *Boston Journal*? "Don't sell village papers, *Siree*!" was the reply.

It was named Boston in honor of John Cotton, minister of St. Butolph's, at Boston, in Lincolnshire, England, where the descendants of some of the original emigrants may still read their ancestral name on the old grave-stones. But other appellatives more significantly designate the placesuch as "the Cradle of Liberty," because there the people, by word and deed, initiated the war of American Independence; "the Athens of America," so called in token of literary pre-eminence and social culture; "the City of Notions," because of a normal propensity of the inhabitants to magnify and reiterate an idea, enterprise, or local fact with exclusive emphasis—such as the introduction of water from a neighboring pond, the advent of an eminent foreigner, a special reform, a personal scandal, the demise of a prominent citizen, a critical controversy, or the great organ at the Music Hall. The last of these facetious titles, bestowed by a medical wit, is "Hub of the Universe," in allusion to the provincial complacency of the people.

In a physical sense the "Hub," whence radiate the spokes of so many railways, is not a favorable point of the wheel of life for the preservation of original character, since the crowds of social aspirants thus drawn to the centre, added to the perpetual influx of Celts from beyond the sea, have overlaid the Boston dear to octogenarians, and neutralized all the traits and most of the aspects that individualize the memory of the town even thirty years ago. Municipal, Insurance, and Banking offices are rarely occupied by natives; the original headquarters of liberal Protestantism in America are inhabited by a Roman Catholic majority; from the old and quaintly picturesque streets more ostentatious dwellings have spread into the Back Bay; churches are transplanted thither; tall massive blocks of stores fill avenues where the homes of the Bostonians once shed the warm glow of the domestic hearth on snow-clad, quiet paths, sacred to pleasant neighbors and playful boys, now choked up with barrels, bales, and boxes. The Hancock House—ancient shrine of hospitality and patriotism—has disappeared, and even the "old corner" is no longer the trysting-place of literati; Pearl, Summer, and Franklin streets are given up to traffic; and the old families, whose domiciles once clustered there in modest comfort, have migrated, or passed away.

The old-fashioned mansions, indeed, do not suffer by comparison with the loftier dwellings

which have superseded them, at least to the eye of conservative taste. The wide front yards with fine shade trees and a flagged walk from the gate to the front door, with its broad threshold and glistening brass knocker—the spacious panelled hall and wide, easy staircase with elaborate balusters—the parlor with its low ceiling and cross-beam, its turkey carpet, large mahogany side-board, hospitable punch-bowl or silver flagon, and cut-glass decanters—the deep-cushioned window seats, snug and sunny—the family portraits by Stuart or Copley, the daintily-worked screen, the massive and shining andirons and genial wood fire gleaming on Scripture tiles—all unite to form a picture in fond memories beside which the more convenient economies and more showy but far less cozy domestic arrangements of the present day, seem coldly elegant.

The returned native threads his unsaluted way through strange, and by no means gentle crowds, looking in vain for familiar faces. Many of the best people of the town of his youth are banished to the suburbs or lost in the throng: now and then he recognizes a well-known figure apparently as much out of place as himself. The courteous gentleman whose bow was a benediction, the venerable merchant whose word was a bond, the man of letters whose criticism was decisive, the fair woman whose beauty was a pride and pleasure to all—these dominant social elements are no more; nor are others substituted therefor; for the population is too large, too heterogeneous and too busy to allow of pervasive individualities or a social nucleus around which lore and wisdom harmoniously crystallize. Cars filled with "all kinds of folks" usurp the thoroughfares; where the juveniles used to skate, is a public garden; English steam-packets land hundreds of passengers weekly at the docks. The old landmarks are rapidly disappearing, the old customs foregone, the old names forgotten; but strangers are still specially invited to pews, and when any eminent person dies his character is duly analyzed by the Historical Society and the *DAILY ADVERTISER*.

Settled in 1640 by English emigrants, Boston long maintained a literary as well as civic individuality. In the old town records is the chirography of John Winthrop. That chronicle indicates weary vicissitudes of famine and Indian attacks, ecclesiastical tyranny and social despotism. The declivities on which the city is built have historical traditions; the winding and hilly streets mark the ancient cow-paths. There is the Province House, denuded of its dignity, long the scene of colonial rule; the church where Franklin was baptized; the old elm under which he played, the site of the chandler's shop where, at the sign of the blue-ball, his father worked, and the grave where the ashes of both his parents rest. There is Faneuil Hall, where for a century has echoed the eloquence of freemen; the adjacent University founded in the infancy of the colony, and near by the noble statue of James Otis to commemorate the early advocate of liberty; the obelisk on the neighboring Bunker Hill to mark the spot where occurred the first battle of the Revolution, and the cannon ball, imbedded in an ancient wall, to typify the siege over which Washington kept ward. Chastellux and Warville, the Abbé Robin and Kohl have re-

corded its social prestige, and Copley painted its belles of old. The country around is like an English landscape. The old town architecture suggests its ancestral character. Built in the deepest curve of Massachusetts Bay, which is studded with islands, in the middle it rears its civic dome surrounded by steeples and roofs. Vane, Goffe, Whalley were once its honored guests. King's Chapel and Copp's Hill figure in the romance of Cooper. The flag of the Revolution was first reared there. Witches and Quakers were there persecuted unto death and slaves originally imported; the whipping-post and the pillory were municipal institutions. The Mystic and the Charles flow thither to the sea. There Cotton Mather indited his *Magnalia*, Whitfield preached to thousands in the open air, and a circumnavigator of the globe was escorted in breeches and buckles through the streets. Off the harbor was fought the naval battle wherein Lawrence fell; Shirley sent thence recruits to the old French war. There were memorable times of pestilence, of political feuds, and of maritime adventure. State street, the mart of bankers and brokers, witnessed the "Boston Massacre" when British troops first fired on American citizens. Brattle, Pemberton, Wigglesworth, Bowdoin, Elliot, Dexter, Wendall, Lee, Sullivan, Phillips, Eckley, Otis, Minot, Lloyd, and a host of others, have left enduring memories among the descendants of the early Bostonians. Long Wharf and the Common are endeared landmarks to the native; the "North and South End" are rife with family traditions undreamed of by the new inhabitants. In the Old South's belfry was the study of Dr. Belknap, the first historian of New Hampshire, and the pigeon that haunted it is embalmed by the muse of Willis. Fisheries at first, distilleries afterward, East India trade later, and factories at last brought wealth to the coffers of the Bostonians. The jokes of Mather Byles, the songs of Robert Treat Paine, the geniality of Dr. Kirkland, the ghost stories of Allston, the teaching of Dr. Park, the editorship of Buckingham, and the hospitalities of Cabot live in mature memories still.

Hawthorne has daguerreotyped the early persecutions and the primitive legends. A "hundred orators" keep alive the glory of the national anniversary. Long wooden bridges span river and estuary; and the last of the cocked hats lingered there. Thanksgiving, Fast-day, Election, as well as the Fourth of July, meet with due observance. Archbishop Cheverus is remembered with affection. The Handel and Hadyn societies perform oratorios.

Public schools thrive. Tudor thence exported ice to the East Indies, and Timothy Dexter warming-pans to the West. Ostinelli long conducted orchestras, Bob New shaved, Eustaphie was Russian consul, Maffit preached Methodism and Emmons patriotism, Dr. Gardiner taught the Classics, Selfridge shot Austin, and Manlius Sargent put it all in a note book.* There solemn Reviews appear quarterly, a Public Library is thronged, Lowell lectures flourish; there Prescott wrote Ferdinand and Isabella, Dr. Bowditch translated *La Place*, Ticknor chronicled Spanish literature, Lyell and Agassiz expounded the wonders of nature, Sprague composed "*Curios-*

* Dealings with the Dead, by an Old Sexton, 2 vols., Boston, 1866.

ity," and Quincy built a market. There was born Motley, there once lived Bancroft, and there Spurzheim died. There is Stuart's original portrait of Washington, and Dr. Warren's skeleton. Cape Con's hardy sons sailed thence on long voyages, and returned to become merchants of renown. There thrives Puritanism of old and Transcendentalism in our day; there they threw the tea into the harbor and cut off General Jackson's head from the prow of the *Constitution*.

The place is famous for crackers Coahituate, for poetry and mackerel, for snow storms and lectures. Sleighrides are magnificent and greetings hasty; *litterateurs* hold colloquies at book-stores; chaises are still extant, and so are trucks; there is still a pudding store at Dorchester; but Salem Turnpike has become a myth; deacons are grown obsolete; the *TRANSCRIPT* still gives zest to tea; the General Court and Selectmen have given place to the Legislature and a Mayor. Charles Sumner is United States Senator, and John A. Andrew, Governor of the State.

The number of private collections of rare books and curiosities in the possession of men whose vocations are the reverse of literary is remarkable evidence of the social culture of the people. Two of the best of these choice libraries were the discriminate and expensive gleanings of a leather-dresser and a wool-merchant.

The spirit of intellectual emulation early possessed the brain and heart of the Boston boy. the school prize and declamation were followed by the collegian's essay, and this by the Review or Magazine article and the social prestige of wit; distinction therein is the goal of youth and the criterion of manhood; the process of "cramming" and rhetorical display become a kind of mental necessity; the reputation of smartness is coveted; literary anecdotes and apt quotations are garnered for the banquet; tropes and figures, repartees and aphorisms exercise the brain and tongue; by-and-by the shadow of personal eminence overlays the sunshine of unconscious being; a certain artificial manner and an absence of the spontaneous formalize intercourse; cliques rule; mutual admiration isolates: there is a sophomoric element which survives student-life; to be literary and respectable is the *sine qua non*.

All this, in its way, is legitimately allied to credit and culture; but it is a limited development, a one-sided aspect and influence. It is not that genuine play of the mind which lends vivacity to the Paris *Salon*, nor the intellectual content of the German *Conversations*, but rather a provincial and egotistic phase of society and character; a partial and patent form of intercourse devoid of much that is rich and attractive in sympathy—much that is natural and human in life. It tends to sequestration of feeling to parsimony in thought, to intolerance in opinion, to pedantry in expression. "Don't you dote upon Wordsworth?" asked a Boston belle of her astonished partner, as she crossed over in a quadrille. "I accuse T. Carlyle of inhospitality to my thought," wrote home a Boston philosopher, after pouring his views into the inattentive ear of the author of "Sartor Resartus" in the crowded Strand. Table-talk in the modern Athens is often cut and dried.

There are "more things in heaven and earth

than are dreamed of" in the Bostonian philosophy. There is a genius of character, a geniality of manners which have quite as much to do with social pleasure and individual faith and freedom as any gift or discipline of mind; there is a daily beauty in life to which the soul ministers more than the intellect; there is an interest in men and women as such, which transcends the charm of wit and the power of knowledge; there is a freshness and an adaptation of nature which are more auspicious inlets to truth and soul than the keenest intelligence or the most psychological curiosity; there is a glow of temperament more humanizing than the most effective training, and a virtue in sentiment deeper than that of sense; the critical is secondary to the appreciative; to respond heartily is a more liberal function than to discriminate willfully. "A thing of beauty is a joy" as well as a subject of analysis; to enter into another's consciousness is nobler than to be absorbed in our own. Enlarged minds are broadly sympathetic. Our great artist declared himself "a wide liker;" the sweetest of English humorists, delicately keen in his literary insight, said that "Shaftesbury was not too high for him nor Jonathan Wild too low;" Burke, Franklin, and Webster found true companionship by the wayside of common life; and it was the proverbial philosophy of old that nothing human is alien. Michael Angelo revealed in the "harmless comedy of life;" and Sydney Smith fed his mind more from broad intercourse and observation than books. "Writing," said the Countess Hahn Hahn, "is but the surrogate of living." The "infinite variety" of nature is violated by a uniform local standard; and the provincial errors of the old Italian republics mar the full and free activity of individual endowments in the American Athens to-day.

"Nature ever,
Finding discordant fortune, like all seed
Out of its proper climate, thrives but ill,
And were the world below content to mark
And work on the foundation nature lays,
It would not lack supply of excellence.
But ye perversely to religion strain
Him who was born to gird on him the sword,
And of the fluent phraseman make your king;
Therefore your steps have wandered from the path."
Dante's *Paradise*.

The result of this exclusive reliance on brain—this self absorption to produce ideas, is to breed a perverse indifference to all but special intellectual objects—a want of natural human sympathy with any form of talent or kind of culture or phase of character outside of a prescriptive circle. To excel and not to coalesce with others is the aim. "I showed my Chess-Player," said the ingenious Maelzel, "to my countrymen the Germans, and they said, 'it is a wonder'—to the English, and they declared it 'a triumph'—to the French, and they exclaimed, '*surperbe, magnifique!*'—to a Boston man, and he said, 'what you bet I no make one like him?'"

Even in those kinds of mental development which presuppose impulse and susceptibility there is a rigid adherence to the intellectual, a studied repudiation of the impassioned. Byron and Burns were not immaculate, but they were soulful; and an element of human as well as ethereal fire is needed to keep aglow even the thoughts of genius, and transmit them with vital force to the ages. The same traits limit and harden social intercourse, and

magnify trifles of conduct. It was, and perhaps is still, as damaging to a youth's reputation to be seen with his collar turned down and driving a gig, as if detected in a convivial row. Hence it is proverbial that dissipation in that latitude is excessive and fatal, or ignored wholly; there is rarely any medium. Few have the moral courage to recognize the natural claims of social candidates; for years the so-called *élite* will "pass by on the other side" some gifted fellow-creature "not of our set;" and then after the more cosmopolitan seal of approval has been given at Washington, Newport, or New York, make the first advances to a most desirable acquaintance, sedulously avoided for years from fear of Mrs. Grundy. Dr. Spurzheim warned the Bostonians, when their city was far more individual than at present, that their local intermarriages and provincial exclusiveness would cause the stock to deteriorate and the soul to famish; he even suggested that an invasion of Southern Europeans would prove the best remedy. But the exigencies of trade and the facilities of travel are fast undermining all local traits and fusing social tendencies.

A critic of the influence of this egotism and hardness upon religious development, recognizes the same defect, limit, and perversity: "The higher faculties of the soul are disparaged in the interest of a fastidious intellectualism; a dainty taste, and a teasing criticism; the whole-hearted love for real men, women, and children in their ordinary relations, supplanted by a haughty preference for a cultivated clique or a mystical and transcendental communion, more exclusive than any aristocracy in the world; indifference, dilettanteism, and morbid criticism located in high places and making a dreary vacuity where should be a luminous centre of life."

Saturday night is no longer a stated domestic reunion. On that day, of old, salt codfish, cider, and hickory-nuts formed the dinner, with a due admixture of beets, carrots, and pork-scrap; whereby an Italian traveller in 1790 records that he suffered the greatest indigestion of his life. On that night amusements were foregone, children underwent special ablutions, and were sent early to bed, in anticipation of the great day of the week, signalized by extraordinary solemnity of walk and visage, clean attire, exemplary church attendance; a sirloin of beef and an Indian pudding between the services, followed by Catechism and singing of hymns in the evening; which regimen produced a curious periodical infirmity, that, according to George Combe, also once characterized the same weekly anniversary in Scotland, and was there called the "Sunday Headache." "Do you know what day it is?" was the stern parental query to the frivolous urchins. What the talk of Longinus and Plato was to the neophytes of antiquity, the lectures of Abelard and Cousin to the Paris student, the discussions of the Medici gardens to the medieval Florentine scholar, such was the sermon to the Bostonian; for this his constitutional walk, his special toilet, his family procession to church were the careful preparatives: to listen, compare notes, discuss and criticise the Sunday discourse was the regular intellectual treat: "who is to preach?" the anxious inquiry in the temple porch. From the days

Rev. A. H. Mayo

of John Cotton, Dr. Cooper, Elliot, and Bishop Parker to those of Buckminster and Channing the pulpit was to him what the forum, the stage, and the academy is to other communities; his most endeared literary traditions were those of local-pulpit oratory; the "minister" of his youth was the saintly genius most fondly enshrined in his memory; the most refined legacy of Puritanism no form of literature then and there held such memorable sway as the Homily. "It will raise the price of pews," said a thrifty member of a congregation, moving down the crowded aisle after a great success of this kind; "I don't care to have his sermons published, if you cannot print the *tone* with them," said an old lady when it was proposed to issue a volume of her deceased pastor's discourses. We once saw in the private study of an Episcopal divine, shelves filled with the writings of the remarkable men who, in classic style and with eloquent sentiment, thus ministered to the eager and critical demand for preaching in the American Athens; and when we expressed our surprise that he should thus cherish the works of theological opponents, his reply was: "They are the only books I know that attractively expatiate on the philosophy of Christianity; they warm me to my sermonizing though I repudiate the dogmas." Basil Hall considered the most noteworthy of his experiences in Boston the scene on a Sunday morning when Dr. Channing preached. Henry Ware's New-Year's Eve Sermon has a pensive charm in the recollection of those who used to linger thoughtfully with him on "the shoal of time." Judge Story, in his Consecration Address at Mount Auburn, could invoke no more touching memory wherewith to bring home to his audience the recollection of the departed, and its claim to sepulchral honor, than the silvery voice of Buckminster.

Out of the psychological tendencies and speculative beauties of these ethical teachings in the capital of New England sprang, in no small degree, the literary animus and the minor philosophies of her educated people; from the resistance of liberal Christians to Orthodox bigotry arose not a little of the independent thinking and intellectual self-assertion so characteristic of her children. The first ambition of the Harvard graduate of cleverness and scholarship, nurtured in this atmosphere, was to excel as a pulpit orator; and when the fervor of youth began to cool and the function itself to become distasteful, he left the pulpit for the professor's chair; that for the political arena or diplomat's mission; and, in mature years, when the "weary honors of successful ambition weighed like lead on the wearer," reverting to his original literary instincts, resorted to History for a more permanent fame. Such, with more or less variation in detail, has been the career of some of the most intellectually ambitious Athenian men of letters, whose earliest aspiration was the sermon. Nor did the influence thereof end with the highly educated; laymen became eager for the honors of the homily, and in Sunday-schools and free chapels were heard the voices of tradesmen and mechanics.

"What will the poor fellow do now?" asked the neighbor of a bankrupt of his friend; "fall back on the immortal soul," was the reply.

The lyceum and the periodical press still

further stimulated the minds of the modern Athenians, and oratory gradually became subtilized into philosophy. There the Yankee intellect was sublimated, retaining its acuteness, its rhetoric, its local traits: these grew concise and ethereal under the inspiration of German literature and mystic colloquy. Then arose the transcendentalists, led off by Margaret Fuller; the origin, progress, and influence whereof are described in her Memoirs. With much eloquence, and no little insight, there was vast affectation in many of those philosophers: truly were some of them described as expositors of ideas, those of which that were *true* were not *new*, and those which were *new* were not *true*. Half the apparent originality was verbal. Aphoristic language covered imitative thought; a cant of philosophy concealed familiar convictions. In a word, the shrewdness which the Yankee trader applied to barter, the Yankee thinker applied to literature; there was no spontaneous overflow, but a studied ingenuity; his intellectual work was a mosaic composed of gems garnered from a wide and often a little explored range of lore. "Orphic sayings" were often a quaint remoulding of "proverbial philosophy;" and the "Dial" measured the life-throbs of society with no more accurate index than the town-clock, only with a mysterious picturesqueness singularly winsome to a class of minds to which simplicity of diction and integrity of thought are less impressive than oracular vagueness. Some of these aspirants for a new philosophy hunted for ideas with the sagacity wherewith their less thoughtful brethren "poke about for pence;" and they made the most of their capital by cunning phraseology—seeing, or professing to see, so deeply and so far, that merely sensible mortals were baffled, and sometimes gained over into desecrating something "very like a whale" in every cloud at which their oracular guides significantly gazed. "Margaret, this is poetry," said a transcendentalist to his companion, as Fanny Ellsler gave a miraculous twirl to her extended leg. "No, Waldo," was the reply, "it is religion." "Do you understand this?" asked an auditor of a transcendental lecturer of the most sagacious lawyer in Massachusetts. "No," he answered; "but my daughters do." There, indeed, was the true field wherein these mystic seeds of desultory and fantastic thought flourished; the young were bewitched with the "Ideal," with "a Mission" and "Affinities; enchanted by "the depth of their own nature," disgusted with the material and conventional; "there is hope," they felt, "in extravagance, there is none in routine;" self-reliance was more grand than receptivity.

Yet time has wonderfully corrected and harmonized what was noxious in this "enthusiasm." It was in the last analysis but an instinctive protest against the formality and coldness of the intellectual atmosphere and social limits wherein these fresh souls dwelt. Moreover, expression has become definite with the really gifted of those who were the recognized expositors of the new school; they have become more practical in theory, direct in utterance. Emerson's later writings are more legitimate specimens of the English essay; chaste as Addison, tolerant as Montaigne, and often as practically suggestive as Steele or Sydney Smith. We still, however, find the

weird in opposition to the human spirit; the constant assertion of will and self-reliance as the essence of the true "Conduct of Life"—indicative of a temperament wherein "the blood and judgment are not so well commingled" as to make a representative thinker, but one whose clerical descent and New England discipline has concentrated into an intellectual, self-sufficing gleaner of ideas, rather than a comprehensive and sympathetic human interpreter—"a polished Puritan with the piety left out," as he has been cleverly described. Climate, culture, organization, and the prevailing kind of social life have much to do with all the erratic phenomena of Athenian development; they refine rather than expand, clarify rather than warm, individualize rather than harmonize the consciousness and the influences of intellectual life.

An English visitor, one bright day in autumn, was encountered by a native on one of the bridges near Boston, with a servant following loaded with a thick over-coat, a spencer, a shawl, a pair of over-shoes, and an umbrella.

"I'm sorry you're leaving us," said the latter. "Oh, I'm only taking a walk," replied John Bull. "I expect to use all these things in turn before I get home to dinner, your climate is so infernally changeable." A youth, born abroad, when he first danced in a quadrille at a party in the environs of Boston, remarked that the way his fair partner touched hands reminded him of "a boy feeling for cucumbers in the dark." Is there not a connection between these two illustrations of climate and manners? A certain scientific alternation of heat and cold destroys the malleability of metals, and at the same time increases their incisive quality; and why, if half that philosophers tell us of the influence of climate on humanity is true, may not the prevalent alternations of winds modify character? Temperament has much to do with social manifestations, and temperature with temperament. A man or woman who has been accustomed for years to a sudden chill and glow, and has the physical vigor therefor, becomes reticent; the feelings, like the perspiration, are checked, and sensibility like the cuticle, grows impervious. The east wind, so grateful after sultriness, yet so bleakly penetrating and repulsive to delicate nerves, from its abrupt refrigerative effect has no little influence upon the social instincts of the Bostonian.

The denizen of New York in his Sunday walk in Fifth Avenue encounters such pleasurable greetings that he is assured the sight of him is a satisfaction on the mere ground of companionship, as a human being, not because he can gratify curiosity, exchange criticisms, or is a member of the Mutual Admiration Society; the social feeling there is normal, and irrespective of intellectual or financial distinction. Let him promenade Beacon Street between churches and the salutation will be curt or curious, rarely warmed by the zest of fellowship. "When did you come? How long are you going to stay? What are you about?" says the Bostonian to the occasional visitor. "How are you? I'm delighted to see you. Come in to dinner?" says the Gothamite.

Boston is a good place to have the conceit taken out of you, and just as good as one to have it made chronic; want of sympathy does

the one, cliqueism the other. Most people there are bookish, few genial; men are esteemed as lions more than as brothers; and women as brilliant rather than lovable. "What does he know?" is the query regarding each new social candidate. "How did you like —'s speech?" asked one of the auditors of his youthful friend. "I was thinking how much better I could do it myself," was the characteristic reply. You can find more fluent and suggestive talkers in Boston in a day than you can in New York in a month; but among the latter there is a ready hospitality for your spontaneous self, while the former meets each idea with critical comment or argumentative challenge; the one may wake up your mind, but the other is far more likely to refresh your heart. Intellect is idolized in Boston; fellowship enjoyed in New York. Book-stores are the casinos, clubs the mental gymnasiums, reading the recreation of the genuine modern Athenian. You see scores of pale girls carrying home books from the public library; you hear perpetual criticism; a *bon mot* is a social victory, a literary dinner the fashionable desideratum—all of which is charming in its way. It promotes mental alacrity, it keeps people out of mischief, it leads to culture and to fame—but when exclusive, lead also to hardihood, to egotism, and to the abeyance of fresh, broad, and earnest social sympathies. It is not all of life; it does not embrace the soulful, the appreciative, the responsive, so vast and dear, that lies beyond the sphere of the academic and the grasp of the knowing faculty; yet it is complacently regarded as a universal test and triumph. The Boston Review is named for the American continent—the Boston Magazine for the Atlantic Ocean! Boston is an admirable place for a young man to go away from; it is also an admirable place to which to return—for a visit; provided that one knows how to improve his time and opportunities.

A dinner with the Atlantic Club, a visit to Cambridge, a chat in some lawyer's or editor's office, a rummage at the Antiquarian Book-Store, an hour at the City Library or the Athenæum, or a colloquy with Longfellow or Holmes, Dr. Walker or Dr. Hedge, Emerson, Parsons, Mrs. Howe, Henry James, William Hunt, or Whipple, will soon convince any one that the intellectual prestige of Boston is well founded, and its best social resources charmingly available. The names of Story, Channing, Quincy, and Everett are, alas! inscribed at Mount Auburn; Webster and Prescott are no more; Theodore Parker survives in his disciples.

A few of the solid and accomplished men of Boston lag behind the times, and are candidates for the diet recently prescribed by a wit for such perverse citizens—*Ketch-up*: there are evidences that some of them have already taken homeopathic doses of the same. Despite the encroachments of a foreign and rural population, the bereavements and transitions of society, and the local changes, there is fresh and noble proof that Boston is true to her birth-right and loyal to her patriotic inheritance. The list of her martyred sons in the war for the Union includes the most honored of her family names on the heroic roll, so tenderly cherished and worthily commemorated—Dwight, Cary, Dehon, Revere, Putnam, Lowell, Shaw, and others; so that the returning native can solace his regrets for all that is passed away, by the hallowed memories that have newly crowned his birth-place with sacred fame.

BOOKS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY,

AND

OUR YOUNG FOLKS,

FOR

DECEMBER, 1865,

ARE NOW READY.

The contents of the "ATLANTIC" are as follows:

Griffith Gaunt, or Jealousy; The Chimney Corner; The Parting of Hector and Andromache; William Blackwood; King James the First; Mode of Catching Jelly-Fishes; Dios Te De; Adelaide Anne Proctor; Clemency and Common Sense; Books for our Children; Doctor Johns; Beyond; The Sleeper; The Forge, II.; Reviews and Literary Notices.

Among the contributors to this number are CHARLES DICKENS, CHARLES READE, W. C. BRYANT, ALICE AGASSIS, CHARLES SUMNER, SAMUEL OSBORN, BAYARD TAYLOR, DONALD G. MITCHELL, JOHN NEAL, HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, C. C. COXE, J. T. TROWBRIDGE, and GAIL HAMILTON.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR 1866.

The ATLANTIC for the year 1866 will contain the following features of especial interest:

PASSAGES FROM HAWTHORNE'S DIARY. Being extracts from the papers of the late NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, beginning at a period immediately subsequent to his leaving college.

GRIFFITH GAUNT; or, JEALOUSY. A new Novel, by CHARLES READE.

THE CHIMNEY CORNER. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Mrs. Stowe will continue her admirable papers upon domestic and social topics.

Besides the foregoing articles, especially enumerated, the ATLANTIC will furnish its readers with its usual variety of the best Essays, Stories, Poems, etc., from its unrivalled corps of contributors, comprising many of the first American writers.

The January Number will contain contributions from

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,

The late NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE,
CHARLES READE,

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,

J. T. TROWBRIDGE,

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT,

BAYARD TAYLOR,

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GAIL HAMILTON,

"THE AUTHOR OF LIFE IN THE IRON MILLS,"

AND OTHER POPULAR WRITERS

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Contains the following articles:

Christmas, by Harriet E. Prescott; The Doll's Story, by C. D. Gardette; Farming for Boys, X., by the author of "Ten Acres Enough"; The Cruise of the Leopard, III., by Oliver Optic; Roaring Run, by Louise E. Chollet; Half-hours with Father Brightopes, V., by J. T. Trowbridge; Among the Studios, II., by T. B. Aldrich; Winning his Way, XII., by Carleton; Country Neighbors Again, by Harriet Beecher Stowe; Afloat in the Forest, X., by Capt. Mayne Reid; Round the Evening Lamp.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS EIGHTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS.

All letters respecting the Magazines should be addressed to

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS

FOR 1866.

The Publishers of OUR YOUNG FOLKS take pleasure in announcing that they have made such arrangements for literary and artistic contributions during the coming year as will give to the Magazine additional value and attractiveness. Among the features of interest for 1866 may be named the following:

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY, author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," "The Gayworthys," etc., will furnish a Story to be continued through the year, entitled "A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life."

BAYARD TAYLOR will contribute interesting Incidents of Travel, (with illustrations drawn by himself,) giving Glimpses of Child-life in Foreign Lands.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE will supply monthly Sketches similar to those which have been so popular during the present year.

"CARLETON'S" connection with the Magazine will be unbroken, and during the year he will be a regular contributor.

MRS. L. MARIA CHILD has prepared a Christmas Story for the January number, and will write at intervals during the year.

T. B. ALDRICH will continue his series "Among the Studios," successive numbers of which will be adorned with Drawings specially made by some of our first artists.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE LAMPLIGHTER" will send occasional articles, the first of which will appear early in the year.

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID, after completing "Afloat in the Forest," will supply to OUR YOUNG FOLKS such Stories as he prepares for monthly publication.

THE AUTHOR of "Farming for Boys" will carry his Narrative on through some numbers of the next volume.

There are also in preparation Articles upon FAMILIAR AMERICAN BIRDS, such as the Robin, the Swallow, the Cat-bird, etc., the publication of which will soon begin.

"ROUND THE EVENING LAMP,"

which has proved one of the most attractive features of the magazine, will be enlarged, and a CORRESPONDENCE DEPARTMENT will be added.

Occasional articles will also be furnished, as during the present year, by many of our most eminent writers.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

This department of the Magazine will be rendered more copious and attractive during the coming year. Original drawings are in hand from American and English artists of the first rank. During the year several Full-page Illustrations, printed in colors, will be introduced.

In the January number will be given a

FINE STEEL PORTRAIT OF MRS. STOWE, carefully engraved from a new likeness taken especially for OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

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Mr. Stuart begs to announce the revival on

MONDAY, Nov. 27th

Of the great drama, descriptive of Southern life and Southern scenes, entitled:

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MR. J. S. CLARKE

Will sustain the character,

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